POEM
ON ENGLAND'S
HAPPINESS.

IN vain, did Heaven it's Miracles produce,
When man would put them to no Pious Use;
In vain the Deity, our Good design'd,
When self-will'd man, was otherwise inclin'd;
Bliss from above, but to no purpose flows,
When men will stubbornly the Bliss oppose;
In vain the Heaven's does man with Good Cares,
When man resisteth his own Happiness;
Unconstant man, that for uncertain Noise,
Would ha zar'd all the Good he now enjoys;
And but to satisfie inbridled Will,
Would change a present *Good*, for future *Ill*;
Who, when a *God-like Monarch* does Command,
In the hard Rule of this unworthy Land;
A *God-like Monarch*, who beyond what we
Have merrited from such great Dignity;
His Virtue in abundant measure shew'd,
By wincking at our black Ingratitude,
Whilst with a Bounty, scarce heard of before,
He offers to increase our blessings Store.
The Bruitish Land, so strangely does reject,
The *Good* we might from such a King expect:
In meager stubbornness they'd rather live,
Then on the *Canaan* of his Bounty thrive;
We like the *Jews*, when the Supream Power,
Did down from Heaven, his pleasant *Manna* shower;
With Envy murmur, and shall murmur on,
'Till Heaven it's Pestilential Wrath send down;
And by Affliction, teach us how to Prize
The *Manna* of our first Felicities;
And if it's *Goodness* should at last restore,
The Bliss we might have well enjoy'd before;
Remembring the *Ill*, we did our selves Create,
Should prudently avoid our former Fate:
So an Old *Mariner*, by Tempest split
Upon a Rock, again remembers it,

And

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And with a dear-bought Skill will turn aside
From the vast Danger, he before had try'd:
But senseless *England*, to it self unkind,
Will thwart the Happiness the Heaven's Design'd;
Wou'd dally with the Fire, and tempt the Flame,
That once had like to have consum'd it's Frame;
With matchless boldness, would that Seal repass,
In which, the beautious *Island* Ship-wrackt was,
Would once more handle these injurious Arms;
by which she had received so many Harms.
Self-vexing Nation, when all things agree,
To make thy Sum up of Felicity:
Thou, only thou, with a malicious Hand,
Against thy own Advantages wilt stand.
Ill-natur'd People, who, when they may taste
Of every Fruit, within that Compass plac'd:
Contemn the proffer and with lustful Eyes,
To th' Top of the forbidden Tree will rise,
Or possess all, or none of *Paradise*:
Remember *England*, how thy Giddy Zeal,
For the Supporting of the Common-Weal,
Did wilfully your own enthraldom Seal;
And is't so long you wore the Chains you wou'd,
Again, go under such a servitude.
O! rather change your purpose and consent,
To the Compleation of thy own content;
Sincerely weigh your interest, and youl find,
Each honest Subject of another mind,
Will alter thoughts, and not with stubborn Pride,
But humble Loyalty be beautify'd.
Ah! Happy *Island*, if thou coud'st it know,
Or wouldst be satisfy'd in being so.
Oh! Happy *Isle*, in thy Luxuriant Land,
And in Great *JAMES*, who does o're that Command,
Like the *Meridian Sun*, he does dispence,
O're all the Soil, his fruitful influence;
Unclouded let him shine, with glorious Rays,
Dispell those Fogs that would eclipse his Face.
While strengthned with the Vigour of his heat,
We learn of him to be sincerely great,
And better Humours from his influence get:
So shall the Land be truly blest'd, He Reign
For our Protection, we his Rights maintain.

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